

Helen Eliza Garrison,
Care of Wm. Lloyd Garrison,
21 Cornhill,
Boston,
Mass.



187.
Utica, Feb. 27, 1857.

Dear Wife:

167 I sent you a line by last evening's mail, and this morning, while waiting for the train to take me to Albany, sit down to add a few words more.

Our Convention here terminated last evening. We had three satisfactory meetings during the day and evening, though the attendance was meagre, and without the presence of friends from West Winfield, Rome, and one or two adjacent places, would not have warranted us to proceed. Utica is crammed with orthodox piety, but is as dead and corrupt as a grave-yard respecting the cause of the oppressed, and reformatory movements generally. The newspaper press, of every description, has held ^{us} up to ridicule and opprobrium in the meanest ~~manner~~ ^{way}, caricaturing our proceedings, and deceiving the people in the basest manner. Yet I have never attended a series of meetings with more satisfaction to myself. I have never felt more strongly moved by the spirit to speak, and it seemed to be "in demonstration of the spirit, and with power."

My strongest points were most warmly endorsed by the assembly, and no exception was taken to any thing that fell from my lips. Remond was extremely felicitous and truly eloquent in all his speeches, and was listened to with great attention and applause. Those present were highly intelligent, and of the very best material. Yesterday afternoon, we had short, but co-operative speeches from Rev. Mr. Karcher, of Rome, (a young and promising Universalist preacher,) and Rev. Mr. Skinner, of Little Falls, a Massachusetts man, and also a Universalist preacher. In the evening, Rev. Mr. Parks, the Presiding Methodist Elder, (who invited me to stay with him,) took some exceptions to some remarks made by Susan B. Anthony, to whom I replied in a manner that elicited no further defence on his part, and was very acceptable to the audience. I am sure we have not visited Utica in vain. Indeed, I am satisfied that the whole series of Conventions projected in this State will prove a capital investment for our cause, notwithstanding the pecuniary outlay required.

That our meetings will be at Albany, remains to be seen. No doubt we shall be widely aspersed by the press, and in some cases by the pulpits also. I presume there will be a number of reporters present. I forgot to mention, that the New York Herald sent one of its reporters all the way to Utica, to report (i. e. caricature) our proceedings. Let George preserve the Herald for me till I get back. Republicanism we find to be very poor stuff every where, and yet it is the best there is outside of our own ranks. Disunionism, as we present it, silences every opponent, and makes a powerful impression — there is no escape from the moral pressure we bring to bear upon the question. It is the only vital issue of the times, and must be pushed with all boldness and confidence.

Mr. May was not with us yesterday, but I hope he will be at Albany. I hardly know what has transpired in the country since I left home, as I keep no run of the papers. Every thing will be disjoined with me till I am once more at my office.

I have not yet seen the Liberator of Friday, and do not know that a single copy of it is taken in this place. I shall find it at Lydia Mott's, in Albany.

It is possible, on getting to Albany this afternoon, that I may slip down to Hudson, (some 30 miles,) and attend the evening meeting with Phillips and Parker Pillsbury. Pillsbury having had a very bad cold at Syracuse, and failing to be with us here, may not be at Hudson; which makes my presence there a little more desirable. Powell is very anxious to have me there; but I must not attempt too much. This morning, I feel quite refreshed, and should like to have a dance with Fanny and Frank, to whom (and George and Wendell) I send a father's love.

You did not say, in your letter, what success Lizgie had in taking your likeness. Probably, it was too early to tell.

Have you seen my bust?

Remember, I am to be at Springfield on Monday evening, and on Tuesday evening, at 14 Dix Place, if permitted.

Give my constant remembrances to dear Mrs. Otis. Ever lovingly, W. L. G.